

Good Morning 493

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO

ON Monday mornings in 1914 a Manchester schoolmaster used to rap on a desk with a cane and say: "School fees, please," and a chestnut-haired schoolboy used to hand over three pennies for a week's education.

The boy was Robert Donat, starting his schooling on the instalment plan. If he hadn't got three pennies, he got no lessons.

Donat, to-day one of the world's greatest box-office stars, was born in Withington, a suburb of Manchester, on March 18th, 1905.

His parents, Ernst and Rose Donat, were not rich, but they were determined to help him attain his ambitions.

Donat was a keen moviegoer when a boy. He liked "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Hooded Terror" serials, and was a fan of "Bill" Hart.

To further his interest in acting, his parents took him to a recital of "A Christmas Carol" by the elocutionist, James Bernard.

This fired the boy's imagination, and Ernst and Rose scraped money together to enable him to join Bernard's classes. Under tuition, Donat decided he was going to be an actor.

Bernard secured him an interview with Sir Frank Benson, celebrated actor-manager of the day. Benson was impressed, and Donat walked on air, thinking his whole future was settled.

It was to be twelve years of struggle before he was eventually recognised.

In 1921, at Birmingham, Donat got his first stage job, as Lucius in "Julius Caesar."

They paid him £3 a week, and, when handing him his first pay envelope, the manager remarked, "God knows why we're paying you this big money. You're not worth it." Donat was 16.

FOR two years his parents kept him off the stage, fixing him a private secretary job, and letting him dabble in journalism, but in 1923, at £2 10s. a week, he at last joined Sir Frank Benson's famous stock company. It was a tough life.

His first show opened in a busy seaside town, packed with visitors. Donat lodged in an attic in a Sailors' Home, and, being too proud to borrow money, he lived on penny cups of tea and cake till weekly pay day came round.

He travelled all over Britain with the company, and remembers vividly a three-night stand in a remote Scottish village where they performed "Macbeth," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Richard III," amid a howling gale, to an audience of fisherfolk.

In 1929 he married a Titian-haired girl named Ella Vyse. She lived at the end of his road in Manchester when he was a boy.



Too shy to make dates with her, it was always his brother who took the red-head home. During the years they met occasionally.

One day, when Donat was playing in Huddersfield, she drove across country and had supper with him after the show.

They went for a walk along the street car route, and he proposed to her.

She accepted, and as they happily linked arms a voice spoke from the sky, "I shouldn't be surprised if you two were courting!" It was an engineer mending the tram wires overhead.

That year the young man, with £120 saved, meant to try for the London stage.



IT was Alexander Korda who took a gamble on him. He gave Donat a role in "Men of To-morrow" (1932), followed by two other roles, and finally the part of Culpepper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

It was a locked door in Glasgow that brought him finally to fame. He was acting in that city when he was sent a copy of a new play, "The Sleeping Clergyman," by James Bridie. He took on the leading role (a dual part) and played it for all its worth. The play ran seven months in London, and Donat found himself a star.

Recalled from a holiday after the run of the play, he was told United Artists wanted him in Hollywood for lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Eight days later he was on his way to Hollywood.

The success of that film established Donat. He returned to England, appeared in the stage play "Mary Reade" with Flora Robson, starred in two films, "The 39 Steps" and "The Ghost Goes West."

In 1936 he entered into management, presenting and acting in a war play, "Red Night." Three years of filming followed—"Knight Without Armour," with Marlene Dietrich; "The Citadel," with Rosalind Russell; "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," with Greer Garson.



IN 1939 he returned to the theatre, joining the Old Vic company to play "Romeo and Juliet" with Constance Cummings.

I FIRED A ROCKET SHELL IN HUNLAND

THERE is no reason why flying bombs or rocket shells of the "German Society for Space Navigation"—I won't give you the title in German, though the casing was of thin spun steel.

In the centre of the base of the shell was a conical jet orifice, while at one side of the base there projected a long tubular contraption which was rather like the stick of an ordinary rocket. The main part of the rocket shell was the liquid oxygen chamber.

The final type of rocket tested at Breslau was the Repulsor, which had the appearance of a sawn-off shell attached by frail-looking pipes to a long tail made up of tubes containing liquid oxygen and terminating in guide fins. The whole thing was about ten feet long.

The head contained liquid oxygen, and the tail unit, nearly six feet in length, was just an openwork arrangement of pipes carrying fuel and supporting the guide fins.

Convinced that the rocket was no longer a Jules Verne or Wellsian dream, members of the "Astro-Nautical Societies" in Britain invited German rocket experts to carry out tests in Britain, and in May, 1934, Gerhard Zuckers, a 26-year-old German scientist, whom I had met in Breslau, came to London.

It was suggested that he could build the British Post Office an Air Mail rocket which could be fired across the Atlantic to a receiving base in Canada!

Lord Londonderry and Sir Kingsley Wood (at that time the Air Minister and Postmaster-General) both expressed interest in his invention, and permission was given for him to try sending mail from the Isle of Wight to the mainland.

Zuckers' rocket had an aluminium case shaped very much like a firework rocket, and its speed was expected to be 960 m.p.h.

The first trial was near Rottingdean, in Sussex; and the launching ramp, a wooden frame treasted up at an angle and about 15ft. long, was fitted in position facing London. Near the foot of the launching rack was a catapult device capable of transmitting an initial impetus of about 5 h.p. to the rocket.

Three tests were a failure, and the test letters in the rocket mailbag were eventually sent to London by train.

None of these early rockets had any stabilising device, although it is now common knowledge that the flying bomb has a course and lateral stabiliser comprising three gyroscopes.

But there is no secret about the fact that a Siemens electrical expert was present at the Breslau tests, and the Siemens organisation had many of their experts at the Berlin Air Ministry and at Peenemunde during subsequent development of the rocket.

Siemens were building an automatic pilot similar to the "George" carried on most British bombers. This is a gyroscopic stabiliser and automatic course finder.

It is believed that the later type of German rocket projectiles have a gyro stabiliser, remote-controlled by an ordinary magnetic compass in the nose.

AN Air Mail letter—the first in nearly three weeks—arrived just before us at 186 Henderson Street, Glasgow, with the "Battle Axe." The A.B. Edward Bowles. Your wife hopes you are getting mail more regularly.

Of course, you know your wife has adopted a new baby? It's a fat wee puppy, so he's been christened Ronnie, after your pal down at Hull.

The Old Battle Axe and Chopper send very best wishes to you. Kenny, who, by the way, is getting along well in the Army, joins them. He claims to be crack shot of his company now. by the way.

Your wife is in a particularly happy frame of mind these days, Eddie, because she's just managed to get you a

USELESS EUSTACE



"You were right! That noise we heard wasn't the next-door neighbours, Winnie!"

arrangement for feeding atomised petrol into the liquid oxygen jet. Petrol was force-fed into the liquid oxygen (which was itself under pressure) by means of a carbon dioxide gas bulb.

The Mirak Mark III was a similar type of rocket, but had a twin tail to get greater range, and the petrol was force-fed into the rocket jet by compressed nitrogen.

H. Robertson Holmes
Associate of British
Chemical Manufacturers war expert,
reveals details of
Nazi Secret Weapons

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Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC will put out the moon

FOR a long while we sat there exultingly; "ask them to give us in silence, too overwhelmed to talk. At last, Infadoos entered the hut, followed by some half-dozen stately-looking chiefs.

"My lords," he said, "I have brought with me these men," pointing to the row of chiefs, "who are great men among us. Now let them also see the sacred snake around thee, and hear thy story, Ignosi, that they may say whether or no they will make cause with thee against Twala the king."

For answer Ignosi again stripped off his girdle, and exhibited the snake tattooed around him.

Then Ignosi resumed his moomoo, and addressing them, repeated the history he had detailed in the morning.

"Now ye have heard, chiefs," said Infadoos, when he had done, "what say ye; will ye stand by this man and help him to his father's throne, or will ye not?"

The eldest of the six men, a short, thick-set warrior with white hair, stepped forward a pace and answered—

"These white men from the stars, their magic is great, and Ignosi is under the cover of their wing. If he be indeed the rightful king, let them give us a sign."

"Ye have the sign of the snake," I answered.

"My lord, it is not enough."

I turned in perplexity to Sir Henry and Good, and explained the situation.

"I think I have it," said Good

WANGLING WORDS—432

1. Insert four consonants in: *A *E *I O U *, and get something funny.

2. Rearrange the letters of: GRAND LINE and get a famous capital city.

3. In the following four carpenter's tools the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 62826, 5A852, 50852, 81C2.

4. Find the hidden dish (meat and vegetables) in: Though that beam is teak, and weighs half a ton, I, on starting to lift it, had no assistance.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 431

1. INIMITABLE.

2. MONTEVIDEO (Uruguay).

3. Sunderland, Messerschmitt, Typhoon, Spitfire.

4. Bas-in, Bar-rel.

JANE



KING SOLOMON'S MINES By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

tion with us, so as to have them handy in case we had to fly, started boldly enough, though with inward fear and trembling. The danced the king lifted his hand.

great space in front of the king's kraal bore a very different appearance from that which it had presented on the previous evening.

"Which think ye the fairest, white men?" he asked.

"The first," said I unthinkingly.

In the place of the grim ranks of remembered that Infadoos had said

serried warriors were company after that the fairest woman was offered

company of Kukuanas girls, not as a sacrifice.

over-dressed, so far as clothing

went, but each crowned with a minds, and my eyes are as your

wreath of flowers, and holding a eyes. She is the fairest; and a sorry

palm leaf in one hand and a tall thing it is for her, for she must die!"

white lily (the arum) in the other. "Ay, must die!" piped out

In the centre of the open moonlit Gagool.

space sat Twala the king, with old

Gagool.

"Then is my mind as your

were. Then my mind as your</p

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around - **RON RICHARDS' COLUMN**

AN American I met could not understand the mentality of those British juries who find that poker (or "draw-poker," as he called it) is a game of chance. True, there is the luck of the deal, as there is in all card games, but to play the hand you get needs a great deal of skill and judgment.

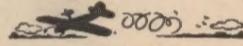
When you draw you have to decide how many cards to take, and that involves judgment. A traditional fool, in American parlance, is he who draws to fill a busted flush. To the uninitiated, I had better explain that a flush is a hand all of one suit. A busted flush has four of a suit and one other.

To draw in the hope of getting another card of the desired suit shows a good deal more optimism than common sense, for the odds against it are heavy. This is a crude example, but will show what I mean.

Then again, the experienced poker player watches to see what his opponents draw, and from that deduces what they already hold. If a man throws away three of his five and takes another three, it is fairly safe to conclude that he has a pair. And so on.

In a case at London Sessions the other day, when a jury found that poker was illegal, an expert gave evidence that he knew a man who played the game perseveringly for six years and never won any money. This shows that skill must come into it, for were pure chance to prevail, this man must have won sometimes. The law of averages would see to that.

As a bit of a poker-player myself, I am compelled to hold that skill and judgment are absolutely essential if one is to win at draw-poker.



REMARKABLE scenes of "spirit manifestations" concerning living people, or people who are non-existent, were described at West Ham Police Court, when Jane Rebecca Yorke, 72-year-old widow, of Romford Road, Forest Gate, was further remanded on four charges of contravening the Witchcraft Act of 1735.

She was accused of "pretending to exercise or use a kind of conjuration with spirits of deceased persons appearing to be present and in communication with live persons."

Mrs. Alice Rosetta Chapman (53), of Idmiston Road, Stratford, charged with being concerned with Mrs. Yorke in contravening the Witchcraft Act, has already been discharged.

Evidence was given that at one of Mrs. Yorke's meetings Sub-Div. Insp. Watt was told by Mrs. Yorke that his father was killed in the last war, and that his mother, also dead, had a message for him.

Actually, Insp. Watt's father died a year ago and his mother was still alive.

On another occasion, it was stated, Sgt. Ernest Holliwell was put into touch with "Brother Joseph," who, through Mrs. Yorke, said that he was with "father and mother and sister, and also Uncle Charley, who still had his mutton-chop whiskers and was very proud of them."

Sgt. Holliwell said he had no brother Joseph and no Uncle Charley with mutton-chop whiskers. His father and mother were very much alive.



SHOES with glass heels and transparent uppers are promised for after the war. Cinderella's evening fashion is to be wedge dancing shoes, with elaborately decorated heels.

Shoes with flexible plastic uppers are just waiting to be made. But before they think of any other footjoy the girls are going to demand higher heels, according to a London shoe expert. "There has been a 2in. limit," he told me. "Girls in the Services have got used to the low heels, but does that mean they like them? No."

"They like them so little that we are relying on the Board of Trade to let us raise the heels — after the war, of course — even while they make us keep the coupon. They will stick to the medium heel for walking, and some of them may have got so used to walking that they will keep on walking, but for evening wear and for dinners and dances I foresee shoes with heels higher than ever, and exotic enough to raise an eyebrow."

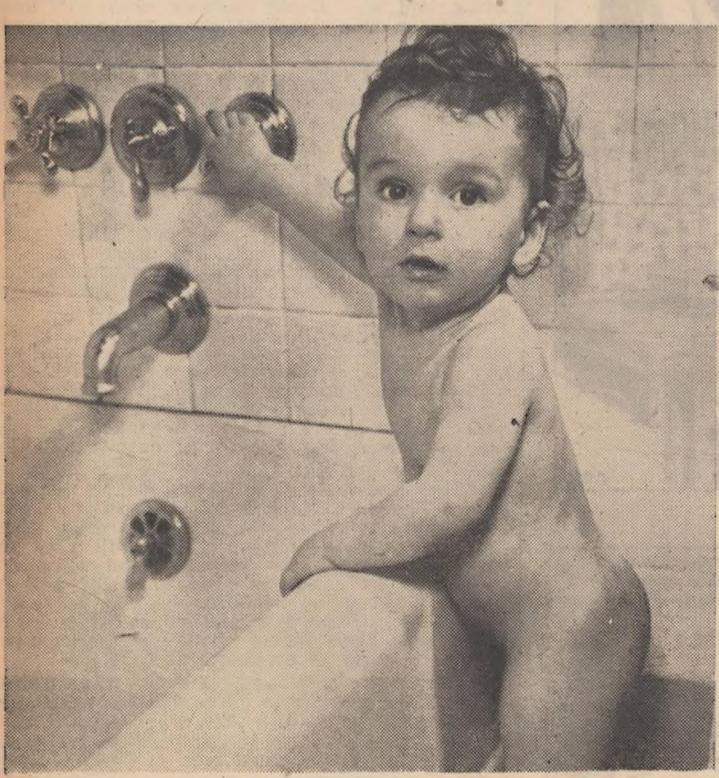
A foot expert, talking of this, wagged his head at the prospect. "They'll pay for these high heels," he said. "But there," he added sagely, "the woman always pays, so long as she can be in the fashion."

Transparent capes, transparent umbrellas, transparent shoes, transparent . . .

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"Never put a Warm Baby on a Cold Slab," is the obvious first-choice caption here. The warm baby is Margie Stewart, and the insulated pantees are supplied by RKO Radio. It's all in her contract—you bet!



She's Daddy's pin-up girl, no doubt. Although on this occasion the pin must have come out, with the result that there's nothing left for her to do but grin and "bare" it.



"What remarkably odd feet they have! No pads, no retractable claws—just plates of meat on which they grow corns and bunions."



Eternal Wales

A blueprint of the Land of My Fathers is unrolled in this lovely picture of the Conway Valley in North Wales.



The lecturer will now demonstrate the best way to knock back a pint in the present acute shortage of public-house glasses.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Curiosity will kill that kitten!"

